Shadows on the Snow.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O-GRASS;" "GOLDEN GRAIN;" "JOSHUA MARVEL;" ETC. ETC.

PART L-CONTINUED.

It was dark enough to the morose man as he stood by the side of his maimed child fighting with his soul.

"I could be happier-I know I could be happier, if you and the world were different to each other-if you did not regard it as your enemy. But that will never be, father, will it?"

"No, child, it will never be. I can not play the hypocrite, and lie to you.

"Yet you are good and kind to me. Why should you love me so dearly, and be bitter with all others? All men and women are not bad. See, father, there is my angel!"

She pointed upward to a large gray cloud, with white fleecy wings, which her imagination had quaintly fashioned into the figure of an angel.

"I never saw him so beautiful before. He is at his best because it is Christmas. Say that Christmas is a good time, and make me happy." "Christmas is a good time, child,"

he said, doggedly. "No, no! not like that! From your heart-I want you to say it from your heart! You are silent. If I were to say that I suffer more, far more than you can imagine-that my heart is torn to pieces with vain yearnings-you would strive perhaps to bring some gladness into my days. Ab, forgive me!" she cried, in an agony of remorse, as a spasm of pain escaped him; "I am ungrateful, ungrateful! You are all that is good to me-all that Is kind. But I suffer so! I am so truly unhappy!" She rocked herself to and fro, and sobbed. "Sit by my side, Father. I must tell you my secret, or

In silence he sat upon the door-step by her side, with face almost as white as hers. When she had sobbed herself inty a quieter mood, she spoke again. "Father, I am very much deformed, am I not?"

"Not to me, darling." "No, not to you, for when you look at me, your eyes are in your heart. But I am, in reality, very ugly, very uninteresting, deformed and a cripple. No person in the world, seeing me once, would care to see me again. I know from myself. I do not care to look for a second time upon ugly and suninteresting things. It is very sad."

The commiserating tone in which touching to hear. "I am not like any other girl I have ever seen. There is Laura Harrild now; she is very, very pretty. When I look at her I feel as glad as when I

see the early primroses peep out of the ground, telling me that spring is com-Stephen's features assumed an anxious expression at the mention of Laura

Harrild's name. "If you were to ask me my idea of perfect happiness, I should answer, omous Wampire, and treated her to Laura Harrild. She is young, beautifut and good-and she loves, and is loved -- Oh, my heart!"

There was such anguish in the poor girl's voice that every nerve in Stephen's body quivered in sympathy as he supported her head upon his shoulder. "Do you guess my secret, father?"

"To my sorrow, dear child."
"I can not help it. I have struggled against it vainly, feeling how hopeless it is. I have always loved him, miserable girl that I am! I do not know how it came, except that he is so brave and strong and handsome, while I am nothing but a poor ugly cripple. Is life worth having, I wonder, in such a shape as mine? If I were somebody else, and saw such a creature as myself, I would look down with pity upon her, and ask whether she would not be happier if she were dead. I have seen girls, ragged, and without a shoe to their feet, and have envied them because they were strong and had straight limbs, and were free from pain-which I seldom am, unless I am asleep."

"They suffer much," said Stephen, attempting to draw consolation for her from the misery of others; "they are often without a meal or a bed." "But they are free," she cried, "they

are free, and I am a slave! Though they have not a shilling in their pockets, their hearts are sometimes light, and they smile and enjoy. I have seen them-I have seen them! What happiness there must be in poverty! You are a rich man, father.

spend as you wish. will not make me different from what | take with his glass, and that he was six I am, and it can not bring sunshine or seven weeks too fast or too slow. into our house. Are all homes like you would have snapped your finours? There is no light in it; it is desolate and described, and it has never nice thing, indeed! As if you been otherwise within my remem- did not know better! As if every brance. You and I are like two her- saucepan in the kitchen did not know mits, shut out from the world. In | better! As if the very sparks flying up what way has this come, and must k | the chimneys did not know better! Not be always so? Surely there is some- Christmas! Ask Mrs. Ramage. Who thing better in life than my experience | was Mrs. Ramage? Mrs. Ramage was has shown me. Ah, yes; there is a Large woman, with a Large mouth, something better in it. There is love in it, which I shall never, never Large limbs, and a Large way of assert-

She was speaking to herself now, while he sat watching her, humbly and in silence. Morose and churlish as he little mouth, and a little nose, and litwas to all others, here he was a slave; the eyes and little limbs, and such a and had he possessed the power, he would have laid his heart in her lap, no one took the slightest notice of him. -could it have insured her a day's hap- If by chance he was spoken of, it was

sumed, "and we shall go round to Mr. | human life in the wife of his bosom; Harrild's house, and see so many young people dancing, and laughing, and thoroughly and completely that it habit of unconsciously indulging in to St. Remi to save them from pofanaplaying forfeits, while I shall sit in a might be regarded as a sum which she when they were discussing a more than tion, and since that period the Chapter -corner glaring at them, like the envi-ous old witch I have read of in fairy or divided, at her pleasure. usually agreeable topic. "The fees," said Mr. stories. I am quite as hideous, I know; they do to each other. And I deserve it, father," she exclaimed, her mood suddenly changing. "I deserve it for reviling the world and everybody in it, as I am doing. I deserve it for having balance is a suddenly changing. I deserve it for having bility.

I magnificently large woman, actually laughing, and beaming kindly smiles upon poor little Mr. Ramage, who hopped meekly about her, and bobbed his little head in ecstasy at her affability. bad and uncharitable thoughts at such a good and sacred time as Christmas-

and he said, gently:

At Reuben Harrild's there was assembled on this evening as merry and light-hearted a company as ever met within four walls. Genial faces everywhere; smiles and cheerful looks on all sides, from old and young; every person on his best behavior, ready to shake every other person's hand, with as much amiability as can be expressed by the pressure of palms and fingers. And if such a thing as truth exists, for duplicity, double-dealing, suspicion of motives, artful maneuvering for selfish purposes, such qualities were purely mythical, good enough to put color into dreams, but utterly imaginative-almost comical to think of-as to any part they might play in the business of life! The business of life! What am I thinking of? Business, to the right about! It is Christmas-eye, and the world is pleasant to heart and eye, sweet and loving and charitable, abounding in thought.

But-I am bound to confess it-there was heart-burning in the kitchen. For in that region of shining stew and sauce pans, in whose polished surfaces the genial reflection of a jolly time was clearly visible, Samuel Meldrum (the man-servant of the establishment) had, by the merest accident, come plump upon Kitty Simons (the maid-servant of the in the act of being kissed, beneath the miserable pretense of a piece of mistletoe, by a retainer of low degree, who, being especially recommended by Samuel Meldrum, had been temporarily engaged to assist in the general | in the garden of his life! joy, and had thus basely betrayed the trust reposed in him. Now, Samuel Meldrum regarded the kisses of pretty Kitty Simons, both from and for, as his especial prerogative, and most particularly and solely within his department at Christmas-time. This act of the temporary retainer was clearly, therefore, an act of treachery, and as such was regarded by his patron, who, after treating the treacherous dependent to a "piece of his mind," glared at Kitty with eyes in which love and jealousy were plainly depicted. Pretty Kitty. busy at the dresser, whither she had demurely walked after the kiss under the mistletoe, was of course entirely unconscious of the state of Samuel Meldrum's feelings-which was the reason why she furtively watched him from beneath her dark eyelashes, and wondered when he was going to speak. But Samuel's moral dignity was hurt, and he preserved silence-more from

"They're playing games up-stairs," said Kitty, taking the bull by the horns; "such games!"

any other cause.

not knowing what to say than from

Samuel only grunted. "They're playing," said Kitty, slyly, "I love my love with a A, because he's amiable, and amusing, and an angel; and I hate my love with a A, because noying; and his name ain't Alexander, and he comes from Aberdeen, and I she spoke of her misfortunes was very took him to the sign of the Axe and Anchor, and treated him to apples and

"And I don't love my love with a We," retorted Samuel, goaded into a full sense of his wrongs by the pretty maid's attempt at conciliation, "because she's wicious, and wile, and a wixen; and I hate her with a We, because she's wulgar, and wain, and a wiper; and her name ain't Wenus, and she comes from Wandieman's Land. and I took her to the sign of the Wen-

winegar and water." The retort caused Kitty to smile to herself more slyly than ever; for the next best thing to a declaration of love from a man you have a liking for is a declaration of jealousy, and there was no doubt that Samuel was in a desperate condition. The temporary retainer, driven by Kitty's distracting airs into a state of overbubbling love, listened to this quarrel with secret pleasure, and, beguiling Kitty under the mistletoe, attempted to snatch from her tempting lips a repetition of the temporary bliss which had fired his soul. But this time he reckoned without his host. Kittysly puss as she was!-knowing that Samuel was near, pretended to struggle with the poacher, crying out with af-fected indignation: "How dare you, sir! What do you mean by it? Oh, Samuel, Samuel! Save me!" Whereupon Samuel, his jealousy melting in the warmth of this appeal, flew to the rescue, and caught Kitty in his armswhere she lay panting, her pouting lips in a direct line with the mistletoe, and looking altogether so lovely and bewitching that --- Well, he did what you would have done-kissed her once. and again, and again, and would have gone on for there is no saying how long, had not Kitty ran away to hide her blushes and delight.

Every room in the house had such a bright look about it that there was no mistaking the time. Had Father Time himself suddenly appeared with his opera hat under his arm, and (being an airy old gentleman) with nothing else "I have money, child. It is yours to | worth mentioning on his old bones in the shape of garments, for the purpose "Money can not buy love. Money of telling you that he had made a misgers at him. Not Christmas! A ing herself which there was no resisting. And in Mrs. Ramage was merged Mr. Ramage, who was a little man, with a very little way of asserting himself that as one who had vested the whole of "To-night is Christmas," she re- his right, title and interest in and to

Not Christmas! Why, here was Mrs. and it is natural and proper that they Ramage, this tremendously solemn and should not come and pay court to me, as | magnificently large woman, actually

Not Christmas! Ask the Woys and the Wymers, of Messrs. Wymer, Woy | are now. Abraham bought land, and for it is a good time, after all, is it & Wymer, the celebrated firm of at-Fo words can express the entreating carnestness with which she strove to urge this belief upon him. It could not fail to soften the hard man's heart, and he said gently:

| Conteys and solicitors which transacted all the legal business of the district. The firm originally was Wymer & Jacob and Laban. Do you mean to tell me they were not lawyers? It the senior partner, having in her own Jacob lived in these days, he would not fail to soften the hard man's heart, and he said gently: and he said, gently:

"It is a good time, child."

And with his hand touching her neck

particular right become possessed of a sum of money which the firm was anxious to pass to its credit, would only

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

lovingly, they went into the house to- consent to invest it on the condition that her name was added to the firm. Being a strong-minded and bony old maid, her condition was accepted, and the title thenceforth was Wymer, Woy & Wymer. All the members of the firm were long, lank and lean, and grew, as did their parchments, more shrunk and shriveled every term. Life to them was in a small way made up of happiness and sorrow, sympathy, disappointments, love, trials of affection, charity and such-like trifles: but And if such a thing as truth exists, in a much larger way it was made up hearts accompanied the pressure. As of law. They talked nothing but law; of bright and oxidized finish in silver they breathed nothing but law. They jewelry. played the game of existence (as Effecti cards of law, and they played it so the same color. skillfully that they never missed the ly pleasant, and thawed a little under jewelry with new effects. the genial influence of the time; dimly recognizing that kindliness at such a novelties are out in light colors, light season might possibly be an enactment | blue and yellow being much used.

on the subject-if any misguided per- thing. Laura Harrild, and the thing was set- stripes. tled. There was nothing extraordinarily | New sun umbrellas are out in handles the graces of a happy, innocent youth. swedges. establishment) and had discovered her | Welf-looking and welf-formed, with a | The new Japanese parasols present pure mind and a loving heart, a pleas- a pleasing contrast with other styles in shed its influence on all around her. by the inverting of the ribs. Such women are the roses of the world:

"To think," said Dr. Bax, as he sat with elaborately embroidered backs. dandling on his knee a privileged. curly-headed youngster, "to think of those two children going to get mar-rild in three months! Why, Mr. Har-were never more varied or numerous ried what on earth will you do without

ing man of fifty, gazed thoughtfully at antique chasing or carving, by which Laura and William, who were sitting very rich and effective results are gained among a group of young people laughing and enatting gayly.

"Dear, dear!" continued the doctor; "three months! And to-morrow we shall be looking back to it, and saying it was only vesterday that they were married. Life, indeed, is nothing but a breath of wind."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Wymer, who was close by, with the other two members of the firm; I did not quite catch it, Doctor. You

"That life was nothing but a breath of wind," repeated Dr. Bax.

"No such thing, sir; no such thing," exclaimed Mr. Wymer, warmly. "Life a breath of wind, indeed! Pooh-pooh, doctor! you know nothing about it! If everybody took such a light view of it- I beg your pardon; you smiled." "It sounded like a joke," said Dr. Bax; "taking such a light view of it, you

"I never joke," said Mr. Wymer, solemnly; "and if I did I hope I should know myself better than to select a subrelations? What would be the use of making marriage, settlements in favor of a breath of wind? What would be criminal prosecutions, chancery suits bouquets similar to those on the tunic, and insolvencies? What, in short, Another has a flouncing of embroidwould become of law?"

spoke metaphorically. "I beg your pardon. You spoke-"

" Metaphorically." the other world with your title-deeds | silk. unbusiness-like. Now there is no ery. You must be business-like and practieal, or you will get the worst of it. You must be wide awake, my friend, when you deal with law." And Mr. Wymer emitted a dry, chuckling laugh, as though he were in the habit of dealing with many people who were unbusiness-like and unpractical, and not sufficiently wide awake, and who were therefore always getting the worst of

"But the uncertainty of the law," Doctor Bax ventured to remark. "That's the charm of it," replied Mr. Wymer, rubbing his hands pleasantly with the geniality of his theme. "I beg your pardon," interrupted Dr. Bax, purposely imitating the old lawyer: "you said that is the—"

"Charm of it." "Its uncertainty?" "Exactly. You never know where to have it. It will get the best of you when you least expect it. You may study it for a hundred years, and it may trip you, after all. It is wonder-

fully and beautifully complex."

There are cases which have lasted sixty or seventy years, are there not?" asked Dr. Bax.

"More, sir, more," replied Mr. Wy-mer, gleefully. "What could better il-lustrate the law's amazing ingenuity, its inexhaustible fertility, than such cases? Think of the study, the speeches. the learning, the arguments, that have been used in one simple suit. Think of the briefs-

"The fees," the doctor put in, with a knowing look. Mr. Wymer, Miss Wymer and Mr. Woy looked at each other, smiled, and softly smoothed the palms of their hands with the fingers of their left, a

"The fees," said Mr. Wymer; "yes, they follow, of course, for every laborer is worthy of his hire; and we are all laborers, after a fashion.'

"How on earth," asked Dr. Bax,

with a spice of maliciousness, "did the world ever get on without lawvers?" "It never did sir; Biblical records prove it. In the patriarchal days, men were born with legal minds, as they was most particular in the specification torneys and solicitors which transacted | concerning the trees, down to the very

FASHIONABLE KINKS.

New Things in Dress, Table-Ware and House Decorations. Fancy-headed hairpins are fashion-

High dog-collars of velvet, jets and silver are in fashion. It is difficult to name a dress fabric

which is not fashionable. Tulle remains the popular material for young ladies' ball dresses. There continues to be a combination

Effective evening dresses are made

though it were really a game) with up of plain tulle in several shades of The association of gold and platinum

odd trick. Yet even they looked frosti- is being employed on some of the new New tapestries and upholstering

of some old law of humanity which it In sterling silver table-ware repousse would be well for them not to resist. work in old English patterns and with And if there was a shadow of doubt white finish is just now the correct

son still entertained the most infinitesi- The coming bath suit will be made of mal particle of disbelief as to the fact a blanket of plain color, as blue or -he had but to look at the face of dark red, and trimmed with black

handsome about Laura-she was simp- finished with finely cut carnelian and ly a dear, loving woman, gemmed with agate balls, mounted in gold and silver

ant gladness rested on her face, and their entirely novel shapes, produced Undressed kid gloves continue to find happy the man who has one blooming favor and are largely worn. Dressed kid gloves are also in style and come

It is a difficult matter for any lady of average good taste to be "out of fashthan at the present time. In gold jewelry one of the most pop-The person addressed, a sober-look- ular forms of decoration just now is the

> both with and without gems. The new Paris parasols are both graceful and convenient, being characterized by a deep cut in the fold and long, natural wood. Alpine handles. These long crook handles exhibit in

> their finish sometimes gold and silver tips and sometimes ivory ones. Among new things for the table are coffee pots, urns, tea caddles and the like of brass, iron or copper. The shapes are unique and the decoration fine. The brass ware is much of it made in fluted patterns and the ornamental iron ware is often beautifully decorated with silver applied work. All this table ware is lined with pure silver.

RICH COSTUMES.

-N. Y. World.

Elegant Toilets Recently Exhibited in a New York Fashion Bazar.

A dress with bouquets of heath, daisies, eglantine, wood violets and feathery grasses embroidered on Swiss muslia is made over a skirt of cau de ject so serious. I repeat, if everybody Nil moire, which has festoons of Valentook such a light view of life, what ciennes flouncing at the edge, with a would become of all its most important long, full, draped tunic of the embroidery meeting the lace, draped higher on the left side to show the silk. the use of making one's will in favor A full muslin waist has a long, graceof a breath of wind? What would be ful and straight effect. The low bodice the use of actions at law, writs of of moire is covered with a high one of ejectment, pleas, interpleas, rules nisi, muslin, on which are embroidered small

ery twelve or tifteen inches in depth, "That is no breath of wind, I grant showing a bold design of asters, jessa-you," said the little doctor, good- mine and carnations, the scalloped edge humoredly; "it is a grim reality. But I of which is bordered with Valenciennes. Alternate rows of gathered muslin and insertion matching the lace are carried to the waist, showing through their "I thought I was mistaken in the transparencies the close kilted muslin word," returned Mr. Wymer, "My which forms the foundation skirt. This dear doctor, you surely can not be in costume is finished at the top with earnest. Metaphorically! Of what | small draperies, which terminate in a practical use is it to speak metaphoric-ally? Speak legally, and you are all Rows of insertion and muslin compose right. Speak legally, act legally, live the high bodice, through which is aplegally, die legally, and you can go to parent a low necked one of white corded

in your hand, and take possession. A third design shows the cornucopia What I find fault with in people nowa- reversed, from which fall roses, jessadays," continued the lawyer, illustrat- mine and ferns, to mingle with the ing his points with his foretinger, "is, large branches of mimosa that are that they diverge from the proper spread over the surface of the muslin, course of life. They are dreamy, sen- and whose delicate blossoms and leaves timental, metaphorical, unpractical and are perfectly described in the embroid-The deep flouncing which this dreaminess or sentimentality in law. forms is edged with Valenciennes and placed upon a pale lemon moire, while the long draperies of soft clear muslin drawn into a band at the waist, is ornamented with bunches of mimosa and Parma violets, the same flowers appearing in the head-dress.

A muslin, having for its embroidery trails of Virginia ereeper, harebells, star of Bethlehem, and pampas grass is made over a delicate shade of cream moire, which gives prominence to the white flowers and throws into relief the pampas grass. The drapery of this dress, which is composed of muslin arranged in soft folds to mingle with abundant falls of Valenciennes, has the effect of being soft, subdued, becoming and strikingly simple, while it is, in fact, so complicated as to defy description. Its low moire bodice is covered with one of muslin that is taken up to the throat, and has small bouquets of flowers embroidered at intervals, the trimmings being of Valenciennes lace to correspond with the skirt. - N. Y.

Sale of an Ancient Church.

The church of St. Remi, at Bordeaux, which has been used as a warehouse since the Revolution of 1789, was sold at auction in that city the other day for £10,000. This church is built upon the ruins of the temple of Janus, as is proved by some Roman mosaic beneath the floor of the southern aisle. A portion of this is visible, and in an excellent state of preservation. In the sixteenth century the relies of the church of St. Seurin were transferred of St. Searin went to St. Remi every Ascension Day to celebrate mass. It was one of the most popular churches in Bordeaux, and had several celebrated confreries, notably that of Notre Dame de la Pitie. The most remarkable feature of this church was that it consisted of two naves and two side aisles, and an inscription over the west door tells that it was built in 1512. Mass has not been said in it since the priest in charge gave his blessing upon the colors of the National Guard in the public garden hard by.—London Times.

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